Dear Harry,

12/24/81

Among the many things I can now do well without is distribes like yours of the 16th. If you want to belive that all the world conspires against you and that this includes me, believe it. And if this requires you to twist and distort, you won't have any monopoly. If I didn't hear you theories, then, of course I didn't hear you theories.

I tried to help you as best I could, without regard to the content of your book, of which, as you well know, I have no knowledge.

With regard to Sullivan and his story, if you were not aware that he mihgt find me newsworthy you sure have a big void in the head. However, I have no interest in personal publicity and never seek it. You should be aware of what I could have done long this line by merely attending HSCA's hearings. The plain and simple truth, as I told you before, is that you turned him off and would turn any reporter off with the same attitude, approach and statements.

On the other hand, you had no right to say anything to Penn Jones about what I was trying to do. That kind of puff, in that source, can well turn anything off. I am capable of speaking for myself and you were not authorized to speak for me. You didn't even ask.

My experiences lead me to believe that it would be a serious error to introduce you or your work to any such people because, inevitably, you'll be accusing them of conspiring against you, too.

We'd better knock it off. Please don't write me again and don't come here again. I don't have enough life left for such wastes of it or such unpleasantness.

I do hope you can get your book out.

Suncerely,

Harold Weisberg